

5th MARCH 1988

Dick

No. 53

30p

MEET  
and  
**PETE** his **PIMPLE**  
INSIDE!

HEY, READER!  
Are you plagued by  
pimples, acne, & boils?  
(TOUGH LUCK, SPOTTY!)

EVERY FRIDAY

AUSTRALIA \$1.00  
NEW ZEALAND \$1.20  
(inc. G.S.T.)  
MALAYSIA \$1.90.

OOER!!

THIS ZANY ZIT ON MY NOSE  
IS GROWING SO HUGE, IT'S  
SQUEEZING EVERYTHING  
ELSE OFF THE COVER!

LEW STRINGER





ADVERTISEMENT

FOR A DEFINITELY DIFFERENT HOLIDAY EXPERIENCE... COME TO

# OUTLET-BY-THE-SEA!

JEWEL OF THE PORKSHIRE RIVERVAL.

Please always available at the local GBE SPAMTINS Holiday Camp. Regular "Single Tasker Life Express" to beach and back takes but 21% hours. Complex, and get FREE entry to our published losses competition. Our chef tends to work on the GBE2+ and his 4-star food is cooked in the same oil that he used them as a better stake. The kitchens have been extremely well fitted after last year's accident, and "Bombe Surprise" is no longer on the menu.

Top Class Variety Acts are the highlight of Outlet Campuses. This year we have had Bass Abbot, and next year we hope to book a comedian.

More than 2 yards of sunbath coastline - (but we have got wildlife planning permission for an amusement arcade).

Wander about our fascinating rockpools. Discover limpets, shells, and other unexplained World War II hardware.

Outlet is steeped in tradition. Our rustic moorland dances, the "bush" and "puckers", have a quiet "humble" every weekend. Don't forget your camera - or a pair of crutches!

There's always plenty to do at Outlet! This usually consists of either shade, take a potting trip round the wreck of the outlet, wash under in the lay, or even go down water rafting on the beach beach. (Also given, however, sometimes people wander surfing past the shoreline near the chemical works).

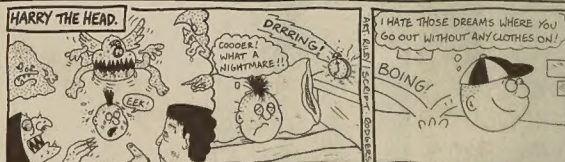
THERE'S SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE AT

## OUTLET-BY-THE-SEA!

(But you can usually get an injection for it.)  
 Spend for our full colour beach brochure.  
 The Touring Officer, The Town Hall,  
 Designer's Pocket, Outlet by the Sea,  
 (near Mouth to long) Backwater, Puckshire.

Stay at the GBE Multi-story Caravan Park, or at any of our traditional seaside bed "n' breakfast lodgings (1215.00 per night excluding bed and breakfast). Shop till evening and drive home in the morning on a plate for a small surcharge.

Galaxy Theatre will be in Outlet for just one day, with the Radio Wave Rodeo. But that still leaves 254 days when he won't be here, so please don't let that stop you coming.



ADVERTISEMENT

# HOURS OF STEAMING GOOD FUN! With ... GBH MODELLING CLAY!



Now available in a dazzling rainbow of colours!!  
Choose from BROWN, BRUNETTE, SORREL, DUN, DUNG,  
KHAKI, KHAI, RIVER AISE.  
**SEND NOW for a BIG VALUE 6  
GALLON BUCKET - only £937.36**  
GBH MODELLING CLAY Co., COWISA NOSTRA DAIRY FARMS (MINE),  
Trenchard Lane, Capest Country - Near MANCHESTER, POC DYS  
**GREAT MERRIMENT GUARANTEED**  
(For US with your CASH!)  
(If YOU DON'T LAUGH LIKE A DRAIN - at least you'll smell  
like one).

Just name of the models you could create!  
(If you can stand the wait!!)



**FREE PEG!**  
(Our managing director's missus -  
who is currently doing a 5-stretch for food)  
**Nose clips - £3,694.37**

## WALLY of the WEST

WHY DO COYOTES HOWL  
AT NIGHT, FUNGUS?  
OOOOOWWWW! TWW



## I KNOW WHY THIS ONE'S HOWLING!

OH, YEAH?



## YEAH! OOOOWWWW!

OH, YEAH?



## DOCTOR MOONEY HE'S COMPLETELY LOONY!

PLEASE HELP ME, DOCTYR!  
IM PIGEON-TOED!!



SEE, THEY'RE TERRIBLE!  
CAN YOU GIVE ME  
ANYTHING FOR 'EM?



...DROP THIS OFF AT THE POST-  
OFFICE ON YOUR WAY HOME...



GREAT MOMENTS IN  
PUBLISHING: PART 1.

**THE 50  
YEARS OF  
THE DEANO  
OFFICE PARTY!**



CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND HAND IT  
TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

DEAR NEWSAGENT,  
PLEASE RESERVE A COPY OF  
"DINAC" FOR ME EVERY WEEK.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_





# CUT-OUT DEAD FRED MASK!

Scare the pants off your pals! Make your friends' flesh creep with this dead good 'Dead Fred' mask!



STEP 1 - STICK ONTO THIN CARD.  
STEP 2 - CUT AROUND DOTTED LINES  
STEP 3 - MAKE HOLES IN CHEEKS AND  
PUSH STRING THROUGH.  
STEP 4 - PUT ON MASK, THICKO !!!

# TINY TOTS' TV

BY: VAUGHAN BRUNT.

FOLLOWING THE SUCCESS OF THE "MOPPET BABIES," THE TV COMPANIES HAVE DECIDED TO COME UP WITH SOME OTHER PRE-TEENS PILOT PROGS.

THE "LIGHTSPEEDERS BABIES" IN WHICH DUFFY DODG' EARN'S HIS BAMP BY REFUSING TO BE POTTY TRAINED!



THE "PROPS AND RIGHT BABIES" IN WHICH THE AUDIENCE SCREAMS AND SHOUT LIKE ONE "HAR GUPH" (AND DIFFERENT FROM NORMAL REALLY)



"QUESTIONS TINY BABIES" OUR ROBIN BABY-SITS FOR FAMOUS POLITICIANS AND MEETS THE HHS ANNUSED BY DODG FUNNY TRECH WITH HIS BOWTIE?



"MATCHES OF THE ONLY BABIES" TWO YOUNG "BAMPS" BATTLE IT OUT IN THE FINAL OF THE WILM (AND PUSHED) CUP!



"WEATHER FORECAST BABIES"



"DOPS OF THE REYS BABIES" FEATURING: BAMP DECIDES! THE BEARDS BABIES! AND: BAMP ENTERTAINMENT! HOUND!

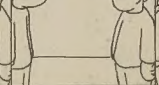


BRIAN LUCK

HE'S UNLUCKIER THAN THE COOD!



I'M GOING TO BE THICK!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY TELL WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO BE THICK STUPID!







# BE A HIP HOG WITH THIS SWILL SWEAT SHIRT!

GET SWEATY!

GET SHIRTY!

GET THIS  
SWEATY,  
SHIRTY!



Yo! Hip Hogs! Get smart with this swine-ishly stylish sweat-shirt. Splashed in porky-pink with the 'designer' Oink! logo, this fab gear is 100% piggy perfect. It's cool for cats, dogs, hamsters and any other pets you want to buy one for! This exclusive item cannot be bought elsewhere, so raid your piggy banks and send your money along in a stamped addressed envelope to me at:

**SWEAT-SHIRT OFFER,  
OINK! CLUB,  
99, CHURCH STREET,  
TEWKESBURY,  
GLOUCESTERSHIRE,  
GL20 5RS.**

## PRICES

Adults: £14.99 (£13.99 for Pig Pack members)  
Children: £10.99 (£9.99 for Pig Pack members)

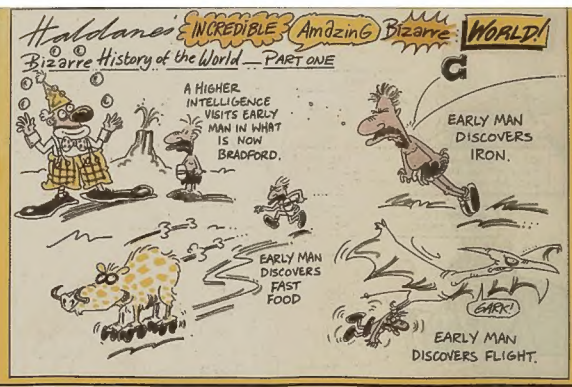
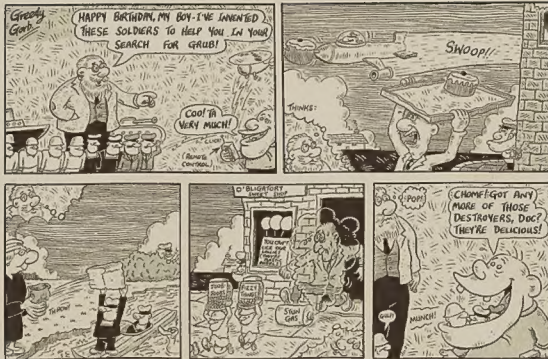
\* SEND NO POSTAGE  
IF YOU WANT  
FAST DELIVERY!

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Number of shirts required  
Childrens \_\_\_\_\_ Adults \_\_\_\_\_  
State chest size -  
Childrens 28" or 32"  
Adults 36" 40" or 44"  
State if Pig Pack member (Yes or No)  
If yes, state membership number \_\_\_\_\_  
State whether cheque or postal order  
Cheques and postal orders to be made payable to  
'The Oink! Club'.  
Amount enclosed \_\_\_\_\_

Oink! Piggy regrets that this offer is not available to readers in Eire and overseas.







## CAREERS ADVICE FROM THE GBH ADVISORY SERVICE

### SO YOU WANNA BE... A BRAIN SURGEON?

**What you will need:**

1. Steady hands.
2. A good knowledge of anatomy.
3. A dirty gross leg chopper like what butchers use.

**What you will also need:**

1. Maths O Level.
2. A strong stomach.
3. Lots of spare butchers' heads to practice on.

Unfortunately it is illegal to practice brain surgery without a license. Fortunately a license is available from GBH Documents Ltd for only \$99.994 plus postage and packing. Unfortunately this license is just a gross bit of too paper with "Brain surgeon's license" written on it in hot tip. Fortunately, once we receive your money we will flee the country so you won't be able to sue us.

**BRAIN SURGERY - THE BASIC PROCEDURE:**

1. Select your patient (available at any butcher's shop).
2. Apply anaesthetic (ancient socks held over victim's face for two minutes).
3. Perform operation successfully.
4. Charge patient huge amount of money.

Easy, eh? But just in case this doesn't work out for you, there's a lot more advice in **ONKID** (see how to break out of jail).

# Billy the Pig







# TWITTY TWITTY BANG BANG •THE MAGICAL CAR•

By Ian Phlegming

Once upon a time, there was a family called Potty. They were: Commander Potty, who was an inventor; his wife Lotty, and a pair of twins; Doris, who everybody called Boris, and Boris, who everybody called Boris.

Now every morning, Commander Potty would vanish into his workshop, and every evening he would emerge after much hammering and clattering, with a new invention—like clockwork underparts, or roller-skates with fish fastened to them instead of wheels, or devices for sharpening mushrooms.

Not surprisingly, Commander Potty's inventions were not very successful, and his neighbours would call him "Commander Crackpot" or "that gibbering looney at no. 37". Sometimes Doris and Boris would wonder why he didn't get himself a proper job or go on the dole like any normal father, but they never said anything.

One day, whilst trying to invent a string frying pan, Commander Potty accidentally made some small, round sweets, which he gave to the twins to try. Now they tasted just like ordinary boiled sweets until the children blew on them, and found that they could play a whistly tune because the sweets had roted holes in all their teeth.

Commander Potty took his invention to a huge, multinational confectionery company, who gave him a handful of loose change, told him to sign at the bottom of a large page of very small print, and then threatened to thump him unless he left the premises immediately.

Now Commander Potty couldn't really afford it, but he was feeling pleased with himself at having sold an invention, and he decided to buy a motor car. He went to an old tumbledown garage, and he saw an old tumbledown car in the corner. It had big, sad foglights, and the leopardskin seat covers were all ripped. But the garage owner said it had been owned by a little old lady, and there was something honest about his gold teeth and sheepskin jacket, so Commander Potty bought the car and had it towed to his workshop.

Commander Potty worked on that car night and day for the next three months. The lights were always on in his workshop, smoke billowed from his little chimney, and there were always hammering and sawing sounds, so the neighbours had the noise abatement people and the smokeless zone people round, and had Commander Potty arrested.

Eventually, however, the car was ready, and Commander Potty wheeled it out of his workshop. The paintwork was polished and gleaming, the chrome glistened in the sun. The great nine-cylinder 14-litre engine chugged away under the long bonnet, and glorious clouds of blue smoke billowed out of the huge fishtail exhausts, choking the cat and killing all the plants in Lotty's vegetable garden. Everyone gasped in admiration.

"Come on, everyone," said Commander Potty. "Let's take her out for a spin!" However, there were so many roadworks on the motorway, that the wonderful car was caught up in traffic jams for mile after mile. Boris noticed a light glowing on the end of one of the knobs on the dashboard. "Pull me!" it said.

Now, Commander Potty didn't know what the knob was for, but he pulled it all the same... and do you know what happened? Yes... because it was a British car, the knob broke off in his hand. But then something strange began to happen. The mudguards turned outwards and became wings, and the radiator hinged down to reveal a huge propeller on the front of the car. Sure enough... the car had become... an AEROPLANE!



The Pottys soared into the air above all the traffic jams, and headed off towards the coast at last, and at the nearby Radar early warning station, a bright red light started flashing on a screen, and a couple of heat-seeking missiles were launched.

"What a magical car this is," said Commander Potty. "We really ought to have a name for it."

"But what should we call it?" wondered Lotty.

"Listen!" said the twins. "The car is telling us!"

And sure enough, when they listened to the exhaust note, they could hear the magical car telling them its name.

"Twitty... Twitty..." said the magical car.

"Twitty... Twitty..." said Commander Potty.

"Bang! Bang!" said the missiles.

Next week—Commander Potty invents a parachute made out of a car seat, and Lotty, Doris and Boris learn all about hospital food.

THE END.

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## frank sidebottom's more ace than little frank's competition!

hello 'pink' readers...frank here!  
now...back in issue 51, little frank  
ran a bobbins competition...so i have  
now done a "more ace than little frank's  
competition" which is much more ace!  
all you have to do is spot the difference  
between photo a and photo b, then write  
your funniest answer on a postcard and  
send it to—"frank's more ace comp"; 40  
pink, p.o. box 35, hyde, sk14 5nb, u.k.



and the 10 entries  
that make me laugh  
most will win one of  
my "fantastic tales"  
cassettes with an  
hour's worth of....  
"fantastic tales!"





# HORACE (ugly Face) WATKINS

FOUR OF THE VERY CLEVEREST DOCTORS GATHERED AROUND A VERY UNUSUAL PATIENT...

HORACE WATKINS, NOW WITH TWO HEADS AFTER HIS ENCOUNTER WITH THE RADIATION MONSTER...

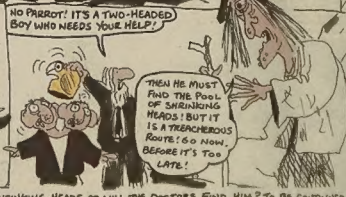
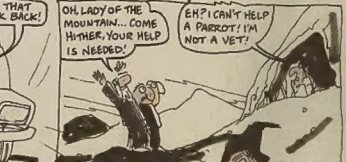
WE'LL HAVE TO AMPUTATE!! IT WILL BE A UNIQUE OPERATION AND WE CAN KEEP THE HEAD FOR FUTURE REFERENCE...  
NO, YOU CAN'T!



18

HE CAN CERTAINLY TALK, MILDRED! ALMOST HUMAN!

WE MUST GO UP THERE, HORACE!



CAN HORACE FIND THE BOUL OF SHRINKING HEADS OR WILL THE DOCTORS FIND HIM? TO BE CONTINUED...

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